

Dol. Oh sir, you are too sure an Augurer:
That you did feare, is done.

Cesar. Brauest as the last,
She leuell'd at our purposes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way; the manner of their deaths;
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1. Guard. A simple Countryman, that broght his Figs;
This was his Basket.

Cesar. Poyson'd then.
1. Guard. Oh *Cesar*;
This *Charmian* liu'd but now, she flood and spake:
I found her trimming vp the Diadem;
On her dead Mistresse tremblingly she flood,
And on the sodaine drop.

Cesar. Oh Noble weaknesse:
If they had swallow'd poyson, 'twould appeare
By externall swelling: but she looks like sleepe,
As she would catch another *Anthony*
In her strong toyle of Grace.

Dol. Heere on her brest,
There is a vent of Bloud, and something blowne,
The like is on her Arme.

1. Guard. This is an Aspicks traile,
And these Figge-leaues haue slime vpon them, such
As th'Aspicke leaues vpon the Caues of Nyle.

Cesar. Most probable
That to she dyed: for her Physician tels mee
She hath purtu'd Conclusions infinite
Of easie wayes to dye. Take vp her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her *Anthony*.

No Graue vpon the earth shall clip in it
A payre so famous; high events as these
Strike those that make them: and their Story is
No lesse in pittie, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemne shew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come *Dolabella*, see
High Order, in this great Sollemnity. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.



THE TRAGEDIE CYMBELIN

Actus Primus. Scena Prima

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent.

On do not meet a man but Frownes.
Our bloods no more obey the Heauens
Then our Courtiers:
Still seeme, as do's the Kings.

2. Gent. But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom
He purpos'd to his wifes late Sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath refer'd her selfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2. None but the King?

1. He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowle at.

2. And why lo?

1. He that hath mis'd the Princesse, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, alacke good man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and such stuffe Within
Endowes a man, but hee.

2. You speake him farre.

1. I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,
Crush him together, rather then vnfold
His measure duly.

2. What's his name, and Birth?

1. I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did ioyne his Honor
Against the Romanes, with *Cassibulan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He seru'd with Glory, and admir'd Success:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th time
Dy'd with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of yssue, tooke such sorrow
That he quit his; and his gentle Lady

Bigge of this Gentle
As he was borne. Th
To his protection, e
Breedes him, and ma
Puts to him all the L
Could make him the
As we do ayre, fast a
And in's Spring, beca
(Which rare it is to
A sample to the yong
A glasse that feated
A Childe that guided
(For whom he now i
Proclaimes how she
By her electio may b

2. I honor him, eu
But pray you tell me

1. His onely childe
He had two Sonnes (M
Marke it) the eldest o
I th' swathing cloath
Were stolne, and to

Which way they we

2. How long is th

1. Some twenty y

2. That a Kings C

So slackely guarded,

That could not trace

1. Howsoere, 'tis

Or that the negligen

Yet is it true Sir.

2. I do well beleue

1. We must forbe

The Queene, and Pri

Sc

Enter the Qu

Qu. No, be asst
After the slander of
Euill-ey'd vnto you
Your Gaoler shall d